

THE DAILY HERALD.

THE HERALD COMPANY.

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Santiago is to be well shaken before taken.

Agulnaldo shows a disposition to previousness.

Cervera is a prisoner and his fleet is incommunicado.

When Santiago falls Spain will hear something drop.

Motto for the navy—Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Spanish Fleets.

As a torpedo boat destroyer, what is the matter with the pleasure yacht?

Congress has adjourned. And as bests these bellicose times, it died fighting.

The most deadly parallel known is the two 12-inch guns in the turret of an American man-of-war.

If the war doesn't close pretty soon the Lord may make American soldiers workers in the Spanish vineyard.

So successful have been the operations of the American navy that the Spanish ship of state is about to sink.

The first thing the American citizens of Hawaii do will not be to erect a statue of Tom Reed, anti-annexationist.

During the streetwalkers' strike Chicago got its news from Milwaukee. Why not annex Chicago to Milwaukee any way?

If our visitors and the weather a little warm they will please remember that it is exceptional "at this season of the year."

The great size of the new revenue stamps shows that the government is desirous of giving customers their money's worth.

General Penrose comes to the defense of the regulars in a contemporary. They need no defense; all they want is a foe to attack.

Let Admiral Sampson be generous and give Commodore Schley his due. Nothing becomes a brave man more than generosity, not even modesty.

"What do the Spaniards have warships for, anyhow?"—Kansas City Star. What a simple question! For American gunners to use as targets, of course.

The early rising crank never tires of telling his friends that "it is the early bird that catches the worm." True, possibly, but who wants worms, anyhow?

Cervera is enchanted with the treatment he has received since he became a prisoner, but still he thinks his capture and the destruction of his fleet was a Schley game.

Camara's fleet has been ordered back to Spain from Suez. Admiral Watson will not have to go so far to find it before sinking it. Really, the Spaniards are too accommodating.

A Chicago paper gives a recipe, with elaborate details, telling how to write a military play. What is needed is a recipe telling how to choke off the writers of military plays.

So a Spanish privateer of five guns is hovering around the coast of British Columbia. It is simply hovering between life and death, with all the chances in favor of death.

The Spanish press is very bitter. What else could be expected when the Spanish army has been compelled to take such large and bitter pills at the hands of the American navy?

So the Americans did not destroy the Alfonso XII. Her commander just ran her on to the rocks to save her from capture. A beautiful example of a distinction without a difference.

"Nombres en la mano de Dios," say the Madrilenos. Possibly, still they are being handled very roughly. But then, we only have the word of the Madrilenos that they are "en la mano de Dios."

American battleships are three-armed, where Spanish battleships are only once armed. The explanation is that American battleships have their cause just, while Spanish battleships haven't.

If Spanish historic memory is good for anything, it will remember how American ships cleared out the Barbary pirates in 1804-5, and American ships in the Mediterranean in 1898 can clear out Spanish pirates with the same ease.

The Oregon will roll in the Bay of Biscay. After that she should be sent down the Mediterranean, through the Red sea to Manila, and then to her home port of San Francisco. Then she would have encompassed the world like another victory.

OUR CUBAN ALLIES.

The news from Camp Siboney is anything but pleasant, for it shows that our Cuban allies are behaving in a manner to disgust the American soldiers in Cuba, and to disappoint the American people. General Young has refused to issue further instructions until he receives further instructions from Washington. His reason for such action is that they refuse to assist in the hospital and commissary departments, alleging in justification of such refusal that they are soldiers and not laborers. It was the same answer they gave General Baker when he called on them for assistance to open the roads so as to facilitate the transportation of supplies to the front. Added to this is the fact that General Garcia did nothing to prevent General Pando entering Santiago with soldiers to relieve General Linera.

All this is bad in the extreme. The American commanders do not have to be told that the Cuban insurgents, and Cubans and Spaniards generally, as for that matter, are not laborers; that is a historic fact. But when thousands of American soldiers are in Cuba fighting for liberty for Cubans, and not for themselves, the least Cubans can do is to render them all possible assistance, no matter what the nature of it. Do our Cuban allies fancy that an army can pass through a trackless country, covered with timber and heavy underbrush, without roads, especially when it is accompanied by heavy artillery and supply trains? The labor of clearing away that underbrush and making roads must fall on the soldiers composing the army.

Our Cuban allies, according to General Young's report, are acting neither wisely nor generously. The sacrifices in blood and money that the American people are making are for their benefit, and they should show appreciation of them by their actions. For them to say they are soldiers and not laborers is almost tantamount to saying they are asses. If they continue to say it, it will bode them no good.

MODERN WARS.

The Boston Herald says the heavy losses on the American side in the late battles before Santiago were no doubt much more than paralleled by destruction among the Spaniards, and it all affords a vivid idea of what modern war implies. It then proceeds to say that if Americans suffered thus in encountering a weak foe, it may well be imagined what would be the havoc of life wrought in an encounter between two of the first class powers of the world. "The mind shudders at such contemplation," says the Herald. "The discovery of new engines of war by modern civilization goes far to render war itself impossible. The sacrifice attending it must be too great. Thus the deadly character that war has assumed may be the means of bringing it to an end among all but the more barbarous nations. It had become repellent to more enlightened ideas previously from its unreasonableness in their point of view, and it was in effect agreed that only dire necessity could justify a resort to it. Now science appears to have brought the engine of death to such efficiency that its periods of use must be very short, if they are not abandoned altogether in quarters where their employment is on nearly equal terms among combatants."

Our Boston namesake apparently overlooks the fact that the fighting around Santiago was so desperate and the losses so heavy because, in very large measure, the Americans met a weak foe; the Spaniards fought with such desperation because they were, as a nation, fighting against tremendous odds. The forces of no two powers in the world could have fought with greater valor and determination than did the American and Spanish soldiers at Santiago; larger numbers, of course, could have been brought face to face, but that is all.

Nor does the fighting around Santiago show that the modern guns, small arms and artillery, are any more destructive of life than those which they replaced. They enable armies to begin the battle at a greater distance; that is their chief superiority.

We wish we could think with the Herald that "the deadly character that war has assumed may be the means of bringing it to an end among all but the most barbarous nations." In reality, the nations that are deemed the most civilized and the least barbarous are far more apt to go to war any day than are the nations that are generally classed as barbarous. Today wars and rumors of wars receive their greatest encouragement from those nations claiming to be the most enlightened and which ardently profess Christianity.

THE HUMORS OF WAR.

War has its humors no less renowned than peace. No brain could have conceived anything half so humorous as the taking possession of the Ladrone islands by General Anderson. The Charleston sailed into the harbor of San Luis Dapra and sent a few shots into the fort that guards the entrance. The governor, hearing them and supposing they were a salute, hastened down to apologize to the commander of the Charleston for not returning the salute. In explanation of such failure he said he was completely out of powder. His apology completed, he was informed of the existence of war between his own country and the United States. That he did not appreciate the humor of the situation was but natural, but all others cannot fail to appreciate it. One can imagine Uncle Toby offering such an apology, but no one else. The nearest approach, in American naval annals, to anything like so humorous an incident, occurred during the war of 1812. It is related by Barnes in his "Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors."

A fleet of New Bedford whalers that had been in Arctic waters was returning home. It had got far into the Pacific when one day a strange craft was sighted. The captain of the Elijah Mason had come aboard the Blazing Star, and the captains of both were wondering what the strange craft was. Soon they made it out to be a brig of war. They then saw a boat lowered, which made towards them. As it approached they saw something glisten. The brig was becalmed and as her boat came nearer and nearer to the Blazing Star the latter stood away a little. Soon "ship ahoy!" rang across the water. "Heave to there; I want to board you!" He was told he could not. "Give way!" shouted the officer in the boat, and in a few strokes the cutter was under the Blazing Star's

quarter. The officer was warned to keep off the side as they did not want him on board. "Damn your insolence, I'll show you!" said he. "On board there, all you men!" As the Blazing Star came up over the ship's side he was kicked back into the water by the captain. A pistol shot from one of the boat's crew just missed the captain. A volley from the whaler was the answer and several of the boat's crew dropped. A spare anchor was heaved over, striking the cutter's bows and smashing them completely. The crew were clinging to the gunwales. Soon one was on the deck, but he was knocked senseless. Then the others were told they could come up, one at a time. They did, and as they landed on the deck their hands were tied behind them. The last to come up and the most reluctant was the lieutenant, Captain Steele of the Blazing Star could not make out what it had all been about; he had taken them for pirates. When told that he had existed between the two countries' for four months he would not believe it until the lieutenant produced a New Bedford paper telling about the capture of the Guerriere by the Constitution. And then he knew it was true.

And what was the fate of Lieutenant Levison of his majesty's brig Badger? He and his boarding crew who came to capture were captured. The recall signal was fired from the Badger, yet no cutter started back, but when Captain Steele of the Blazing Star arrived in his home port he turned over to the United States authorities Lieutenant Levison and twelve British tars as prisoners of war.

A GALLANT OFFICER.

When Admiral Cervera received orders to make a sortie along the coast from Santiago, he called back: "I will obey, and go to my doom Sunday morning."

On Sunday morning he made his sortie and on Sunday morning he went to his doom. He obeyed his orders, but those orders cost Spain her finest fleet. Admiral Cervera knew what would be his fate, but he went forth to meet it like a gallant officer and brave man. Spain may not be proud of such a man, for his name is forever linked with disaster in Spanish history, but Spain should be proud of such a man. His chivalrous conduct in sending word to Admiral Sampson that Lieutenant Hobson and his crew were safe after performing their perilous mission, placed him high in the estimation of the American people, almost endeared him to them. One feels a keen sympathy for so brave and generous a foe in the misfortunes that have overtaken him, even when that foe is fighting against one's country. Admiral Cervera has proven himself a gallant officer and has won the respect of the American people. The war ended and peace re-established, they will be glad to call him a friend and honor him for his bravery. Would that it could have been displayed in a better cause!

OUR DESPERATE FOE.

Spain is no longer the naval bugaboo with which the honest, peace-loving people of the United States were frightened by the board of strategy three months ago.

The Asiatic squadron was totally annihilated in a two hours' engagement, in which the Americans did not lose a man at the time.

The "invincible armada" for which we waited week after week while scout boats searched the seas, was bottled without the loss of life and destroyed as completely, with the loss of "one killed and two wounded."

The invisible armada is apparently heading for the upper waters of the Nile, where shot and shell do not intrude, and war news is never heard.

Admiral Montojo is probably a prisoner of war at Manila by this time, but under the ban of his queen's disapproval. Admiral Cervera is a prisoner of war with Sampson's fleet, where he will doubtless receive better treatment than he would in Spain at present. Admiral Villamil of the dreaded torpedo flotilla deliberately took his own life when he saw a pleasure yacht blow his alleged destroyers out of the water. Admiral Camara is still at large, but enjoys less peace of mind, perhaps, than any of the others.

Spain has lost enough admirals and ships to discourage a more rational power. She may as well give up without much trouble, but the reconstruction of war vessels will require more time and money than Spain has at her disposal right now.

It seems that Spain ought to be able to find an excuse for quitting. Of course, it may take us longer to starve or destroy her army than it did to drown her navy, but the result will be every bit as disastrous to Spain.

The crazy little power should sue for peace and the war should be ended by the middle of next week. In the meantime Commodore Watson will obey the president's command: "On to Cadix."

IMPERIALISTS ARE HELDING.

Some of the goldbug imperialists are beginning to hedge on the question of Philippine annexation already. The New York Press, then which no more obedient slave has Hanna, has shouted for the retention and annexation of the Philippines, Ladrone, Carolines, and every thing in sight and out, but is beginning to show the symptoms of reaction. In its issue of Monday it says:

"The widest imperialist in the United States has never dreamed of the retention of any part of the archipelago, except the island of Luzon."

Other conquest annexationists should take heed and trim their sails accordingly.

By the way, the Omaha Bee, although an administration organ and a Bryan hater, comes out this week with the following:

But what of those who oppose the imperialistic idea that has sprung up within the last two months and threatens to lead the United States into a policy absolutely contravening the course of the nation from the beginning of its history? If one should judge from the comments of the organs of territorial aggrandizement all the vision and all the patriotism are on their side. We venture to differ. We believe that the best wisdom and the best patriotism of the American people today are opposed to the retention of the Philippines. The retention of the Philippines is a territorial policy of the republic and enters upon a course which we have been warned by all the great statesmen of the past to present with danger. We believe that the men who are opposing territorial aggrandizement are the true friends of the republic, that they have the surest idea of patriotic duty.

There is embraced in the list of anti-imperialists some of the foremost contemporary statesmen and nearly all of the farmers and workmen of the country. We could name a hundred men, distinguished in political and professional life, who believe that the United States could make no graver error than to absorb distant territories and American labor is practically a unit against the proposed policy of territorial acquisition.

But the really patriotic citizens of the republic, are those who insist that we shall faithfully adhere to the policy which imbued the founders of the republic to avoid everything that our lead us into old world complications and into entanglements fraught with danger to our peace. The power and the glory that come of conquest may be attractive, but let us not forget that they are also expensive; that they can be maintained only at great cost and that the conditions necessary to their maintenance are not in harmony with the character and spirit of our political institutions.

The Ogden Standard, which opposed all kinds of annexation up to the day Bryan deprecated a war of conquest, and then suddenly switched as if a long looked for excuse had been presented, promised to reproduce a certain editorial the other day and, naturally, failed to keep its promise. Now it gloats over The Herald's welcome to Hawaii, as if this paper had not been advocating Hawaiian annexation since the question has been agitated. The Herald has always been able to draw a distinction between the annexation of a willing people, who are both national and individual owners of the land to be annexed, and the forcible taking of an enemy's possessions. In the face of a declaration not to do so, and merely because of the power and the opportunity of doing it. Evidently the Ogden Journal-afraid-of-its-editorials cannot distinguish between courtship and abduction.

It is said Cervera's mistake was in not going east instead of west, when he left the harbor. It is also charged against him that he made a mistake by going into Santiago. All these are but secondary mistakes. Cervera's great mistake was in crossing the Atlantic.

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

Nashville American: It is stated in the dispatches that this new Philippine republic will strive to be an American protectorate, but that it will hardly satisfy the class of politicians in this country who have begun the cry for territorial expansion. What they want is a colony governed by men appointed from the United States. The Standard of the Philippines says that Great Britain gives a general pardon with a view to lesser officers, all white men backed by soldiers and overruling the natives. "A colony of this character would make liberal additions to the pie which a president of the United States would be glad to share with the chief reason why the scheme of annexation is so seductive to the Republican politicians."

New York Tribune: The Klondike ways are strewn with dead men's bones like the tracks of the old Spanish slave caravans, and those who return from that pilgrimage of peril bring tales there of extremely discouraging to new crusaders. Warren Lee, of Malone, has just come back from an unsuccessful attempt to reach the gold fields by the Stikine river route, and reports that a great many lives have been lost in the endeavor from which he returns worried but still a survivor. He does not come back with his shield nor on it, but considers himself fortunate in getting back at all, with whatsoever loss of prestige and equipments.

Cincinnati Enquirer: If we take Cuba, Puerto Rico, the Philippine Islands, the Ladrone, the Carolines, and possibly the Comores, what a lot more work it will make for Mr. Hanna in the distribution of offices.

Houston Post: In advocating the new imperial policy Henry Watterson is frank enough to say "We are Caesarism, certainly, but even Caesarism is preferable to anarchy." The renegades from democracy who added to the great race in power now want to take the logical step and create Caesarism to permanently keep down "anarchy," as they are pleased to term democracy. The Democrats of the nation in 1898 that the election of McKinley was a step toward the destruction of our republican form of government, and as events are beginning to justify the prophecy.

Batte Intermountain: It is to be regretted that no one thought of displaying a portrait of President McKinley during the parade (on the Fourth). Though he has done his share to cripple the great silver industry of the west, he is, nevertheless, commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, and as such, and on this account, as a matter of respect to the great office he occupies, his portrait should have been displayed somewhere in the procession.

SHE PRESENTS A CHECK.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: Scene: A down town bank.

"Will you cash that, please?"

"Certainly, but it requires a stamp."

"A stamp?"

"A stamp; a bank check stamp. Up here in the corner."

"Does it?"

"Well, why don't you put it on?"

"We are not here ones to put it on."

The person who draws the check stamps it.

"What's for?"

"It's a war tax."

"How funny. Does the government expect to carry on the war with my poor little 2 cents?"

"Yes, with yours and others."

"But I haven't any stamp. I've been out of town and didn't know about the law."

"It wasn't necessary to know it until you drew the check."

"How ridiculous. And you won't let me have any money until I put a stamp in the corner?"

"We are obliged to insist that the tax be paid."

"Supposing I give you 3 cents?"

"That will do."

"But I haven't 3 cents."

"Perhaps you could borrow it of somebody."

"Perhaps I could—of you."

"As a banker I couldn't countenance any such transaction."

"How funny. How ridiculously serious it is. Here I have a car ticket. You take it for 5 cents, and give me three cents change. Will you?"

"Yes."

Then she went away with a bright smile and cleared a fraction of a cent by calling the value of the ticket 5 cents.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Brooklyn Leader: Possible Boarder—Now, by the way, I've ordered my dinner, and if it was a fair sample of your meals I should like to come to terms.

Farmer: Let me tell you, was that a fair sample of your appetite?

Washington Star: "How did you enjoy yourself in Italy?" asked Maude.

"Lovely," replied Maude, with all the enthusiasm of a tourist.

"By the way, wasn't it too perfectly clever of them to name that big volcano after the Vesuvius?"

"You don't say?"

"Yes, he sent up his photograph with a plug hat on and a big cigar in his mouth that I'll bet didn't cost a cent less than a dime."

Chicago Record: "Pauline has put this sign on her piazza: 'No war talk allowed here.'"

"What's that for?"

"She's afraid Mr. McComb will let the whole summer go without proposing."

Cleveland Leader: "There is no immediate danger of the inhabitants of Santiago getting thirsty, although they may get a little short of food."

"Why?"

"They seem to be getting all the 'pop' they want from Sampson & Schley's bottles."

Washington Star: "I am told," said Mr. T. to a friend, "that Spain has a most fluent and picturesque gift for profanity."

"Well," said his wife, "it isn't as bad as

It might be. Everybody knows that anything said in Spanish isn't really meant."

Life: "Py chinnny! Over we kin lek each other in the world already; don't it?"

"We kin that same, Dutchy. Begorra, O'm proud O'm an American!"

Judge: "Are you going to enlist?" asked Miss Frock of Mr. Starn.

"No, Miss Frock; I am not. Let me be with the war force of the nation and I care not who does the fighting."

Never Felt Better.

"My brother was troubled for several years with severe cough and also with rheumatism. He has taken a few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and is relieved. He never felt better in his life. He now coughs but seldom and never feels anything of the rheumatism."

—Cora Evans, Pangulitch, Utah.

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Drawing June 4, won by Mrs. E. Harsh, 369 S. State Street, No. 755

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MAIN ST.

It is a well-known fact that tailors experience more suffering from headaches than any other class of industrial workers. The constant buzz of the sewing machines and the heavy atmosphere caused by the heating apparatus used for pressing and ironing clothing are responsible for this in a measure. A well-known merchant tailor of Philadelphia, a prominent man in his community, says: "For over ten years I was a 'presser,' then I became a partner of the establishment with which I am now connected. Having charge of the pressing and ironing department, I am compelled to spend most of my time in a room that is overheated and where the atmosphere is very heavy. This resulted in giving me frequent headaches, and I sometimes suffered great torture. The medicines prescribed by my physician brought me no relief, and I was on the verge of despair when a friend advised me to try Ripans Tablets. I did so, and the result was that the first two Tablets wrought an almost magic change. I escape headaches now, and no matter how hot the room is one Tablet does away with all suffering. I always carry some with me for an emergency, and can sincerely recommend them."

A new style necktie containing THE RIPAN TABLETS in a power cartoon without glass is now for sale at some drug stores. Five cents. This valuable tie is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (100 tablets) can be had by mail by sending four-cent cents to the RIPAN CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a six-cent cartoon (100 tablets) will be sent for five cents.

Still Selling Wash Suits

No let up to this selling of wash suits, one suit sold always means another customer from some admirer—can't say very much about the 75c ones, for we only have a few left, still your boy's size may be here. The \$1.25 and \$1.50 ones we have plenty of—they're made up in nice style—striped crash—with blue, brown or red collars—handsomely trimmed—at \$2.00 and \$2.50 we have some beauties—plain and fancy crash—blue, red, brown or green collars.

brid-trimmed, ages 3 to 12—got some regular double-breasted crash suits too, knee pants, at \$1.50, \$2.50 and \$3.00.

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